Audiences

They laughed at William Carlos Williams at Ioway,
alien fumbly he amongst that corn where wellaway 'twas then
                    Vanguard,Academy WRI-tin and other

oxymorons. Padraic Colum at our small place wandering,
            forgot his Gaelic riverbanks finally
asking us which poem of his we wished he'd say.

Not title-1 did we know. Shaking,he fished
up just a line,then another from skeins
eluding the way they must all at last.

After,in an upper room employed for storage
never redeemed,a student
        mine,female in the sense that shimmered

        time,seized his freckled hand.
                  How're you doin?

           rebuts the newest
      jive of bored   auditoriums,All American
                    Suet.